Please return. 344 Proof.

POETRY

On the Portrait of a Woman about to be hanged

Comely
FAIR and capable one of our race,
Posing there in your gown of grace,
Plain yet becoming ;
Could subtlest breast
Ever have guessed
What was behind that innocent face,
Drumming, drumming !

Would that your Causer, ere knoll your knell
For this riot of passion, might deign to tell
Why, since It made you
Sound/ ~~Good~~ in the germ,
It sent a worm
To madden Its handiwork, when It might well
Not have assayed you,

Not have implanted, to your deep rue,
The Clytaemnestra spirit in you,
And with purblind vision
Sowed a tare
field so/ In a ~~garden~~ fair,
And a thing of symmetry ~~to the~~ view seemly to/
Brought to derision !

THOMAS HARDY

6th January, 1923.